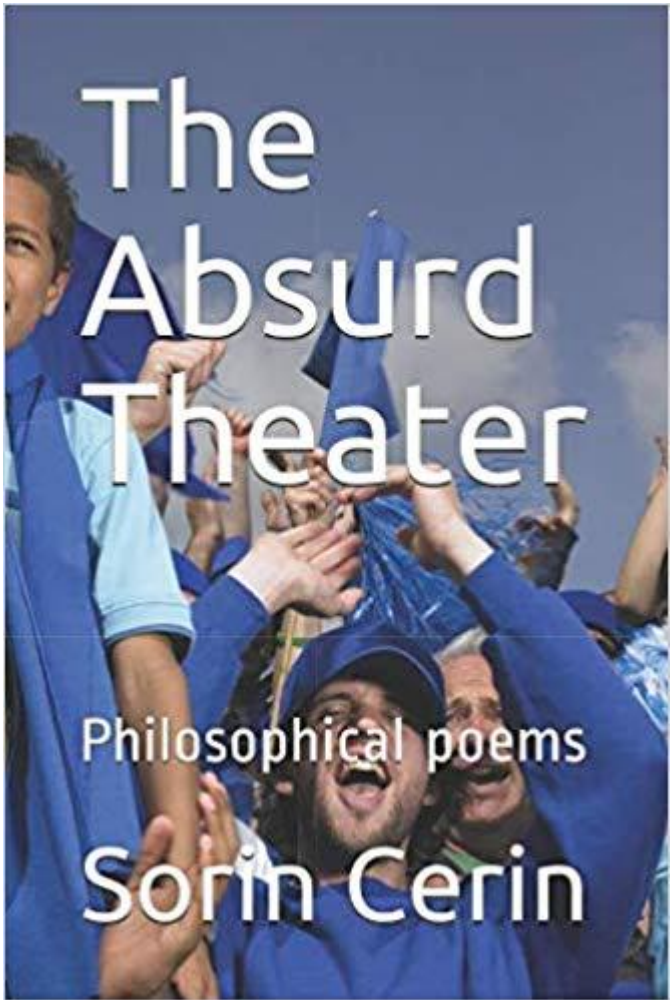


The background of the book cover is a photograph of a large crowd of people, mostly wearing blue clothing, with their hands raised in the air as if cheering or celebrating. The sky is a clear, bright blue. The title 'The Absurd Theater' is written in large, white, sans-serif font across the upper half of the image.

The Absurd Theater

Philosophical poems

Sorin Cerin

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- THE ABSURD THEATER -
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**THE ABSURD
THEATER**

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2018

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Critical appreciations about the poetry of meditation

PhD Professor Al Cistelean within the heading Avant la lettre, under the title Between reflection and attitude, appeared in the magazine Familia nr.11-12 November-December 2015, pag.16-18, Al Cistelean considers about the poetry of meditation, of Sorin Cerin, that:

"From what I see, Sorin Cerin is a kind of volcano textually, in continuously, and maximum eruption, with a writing equally frantic, as and, of convictions. In poetry, relies on gusts reflexive and on the sapiential enthusiasm, cultivating, how says alone in the subtitle of the Non-sense of the Existence, from here the poems "of meditation".

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One approach among all risky - not of today, yesterday, but from always - because he tend to mix where not even is, the work of poetry, making a kind of philosophizing versified, and willy-nilly, all kinds of punishments and morality.

Not anymore is case to remind ourselves of the words said by Maiorescu, to Panait Cerna, about "philosophical poetry," because the poet, them knows, and, he very well, and precisely that wants to face: the risk of to work only in idea, and, of to subordinate the imaginative, to the conceptual.

Truth be told, it's not for Sorin Cerin, no danger in this sense, for he is in fact a passional, and never reach the serenity and tranquility Apolline of the thought, on the contrary, recites with pathos rather from within a trauma which he tries to a exorcise, and to sublimates, into radical than from inside any peace of thought or a reflexive harmonies.

Even what sounds like an idea nude, transcribed often aphoristic, is actually a burst of attitude, a transcript of emotion - not with coldness, but rather with heat (was also remarked, moreover, manner more prophetic of the enunciations).

But, how the method, of, the taking off, lyrical, consists in a kind of elevation of everything that comes, up to the dignity of articulating their reflexive (from where the listing, any references to immediately, whether

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biographical or more than that), the poems by Cerin, undertake steep in the equations big existential and definitive, and they not lose time in, domestic confessions.

They attack the Principle of reality, not its accidents. Thus, everything is raised to a dignity problematic, if no and of other nature, and prepared for a processing, densified.

Risks of the formula, arise fatal, and here, because is seen immediately the mechanism of to promote the reality to dignity of the lyrism.

One of the mechanisms comes from expressionist heritage (without that Sorin Cerin to have something else in common with the expressionists), of the capitalized letter, through which establishes suddenly and unpredictably, or humility radicalized , or panic in front of majesty of the word.

Usually the uppercase, baptizes the stratum "conceptual" (even if some concepts are metaphors), signaling the problematic alert.

It is true, Sorin Cerin makes excess and wastage, of the uppercase, such that, from a while, they do not more create, any panic, no godliness, because abundance them calms effects of this kind, and spoil them into a sort of grandiloquence.

The other mechanism of the elevation in dignity rely on a certain - perhaps assumed, perhaps premeditated -

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pretentious discourse, on a thickening lexical, and on a deep and serious declamation.

It is insinuated - of lest, even establishes - and here is an obvious procedure of imaginative recipe, redundant over tolerant.

How is and normal - even inevitable - in a lyrical of reflection what wants to coagulate around certain cores conceptual, the modality immediate of awareness of these nodes conceptual, consists in materializing the abstractions, making them sensual is just their way of to do epiphany lyrical.

But at, Sorin Cerin, imaginative mechanics is based on a simple use of the genitive, which materialize the abstractions, (from where endless pictures like "the thorns of the Truth," "chimney sweeps of the Fulfillments," " the brushes of Deceptions" etc. etc.), under, which most often is a button of personification.

On the scale of decantation in metaphors we stand, thus, only on the first steps, what produces simultaneously, an effect of candor imaginative (or discursive), but and one of uniformity.

Probable but that this confidence in the primary processes is due to the stake on decanting of the thought, stake which let, in subsidiary, the imaginative action (and on the one symbolized more so) as such.

But not how many or what ideas roam, through Sorin Cerin's poems are, however the most relevant, thing

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(the idea, generally, but and in this particular case, has a degree of indifference, to lyricism).

On the contrary, in way somewhat paradoxically, decisive, not only defining, it's the attitude in which they gather, the affect in which coagulates.

Beneath the appearance of a speech projected on "thought", Sorin Cerin promotes, in fact, an lyricism (about put to dry) of, emotions existential (not of intimate emotions).

The reflexivity of the poems is not, from this perspective, than a kind of penitential attitude, an expression of hierarchies, of violent emotions.

Passionate layer is, in reality, the one that shake, and he sees himself in almost all its components, from the ones of blaming, to the ones of piety, or tenderness sublimated (or, on the contrary, becoming sentimentalist again).

The poet is, in substance, an exasperated of state of the world and the human condition and starting from here, makes exercises with sarcasm (cruel, at least, as, gush), on account of "consumer society" or on that of the vanity of "Illusions of the Existence".

It's a fever of a figures of style that contains a curse, which gives impetus to the lyrics, but which especially highlights discursive, the exasperation in front of this general degradation.

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So general, that she comprised and transcendental, for Sorin Cerin is more than irritated by the instrumentalization of the God (and, of the faith) in the world today.

Irritation in front of corruption the sacred, reaches climax, in lyrics of maximum, nerve blasphemous ("Wickedness of Devil is called Evil, / while of the God, Good. ", but and others, no less provocative and" infamous " at the address the Godhead); but this does not happen, than because of the intensity and purity of his own faith (Stefan Borbely highlighted the energy of fervor from the poetry of Cerin), from a kind of devotional absolutism.

For that not the lyrics, of challenge and blame, do, actually Cerin, on the contrary: lyrics of devotion desperate and passionate, through which him seeks "on Our True God / so different from the one of cathedrals of knee scratched / at the cold walls and inert of the greed of the Illusion of Life ".

It is the devotional fever from on, the reverse, of imprecations and sarcasm, but precisely she is the one that contaminates all the poems.

From a layer of ideals, squashed, comes out, with verve passionate, the attitudes, of Cerin, attitudes eruptive, no matter how, they would be encoded in a lyrical of reflections. "

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**PhD Professor Elvira Sorohan - An existentialist
poet of the 21st Century**

To fully understand the literary chronicle written by Elvira Sorohan in Convorbiri Literare, "Literary Conversations", which refers to an article written by Magda Cârneci regarding Trans-poetry, and published in România literară, "Romania literary", where specified what namely is poetry genuine, brilliant, the great poetry, on which a envies the poets of the last century, Elvira Sorohan, specifies in the chronicle dedicated to the poetry of Cerin, from, Convorbiri Literare, "Literary Conversations", number 9 (237), pages 25-28, 2015 under the title An existentialist poet of the 21st century, that:

Without understanding what is "trans-poetry", which probably is not more poetry, invoking a term coined by Magda Cârneci, I more read, however, poetry today and now I'm trying to say something about one certain.

Dissatisfied of "insufficiency of contemporary poetry" in the same article from in România literară, "Literary Romania", reasonably poetess accuses in block, how, that what "delivers" now the creators of poetry, are not than notations of "little feeling", "small despairs" and "small thinking. "

Paraphrasing it on Maiorescu, harsh critical of the diminutives cultivated by Alecsandri, you can not say than that poetry resulting from such notation is also low (to the cube, if enumeration stops at three).

The cause identified by Magda Cârneci, would be the lack of inspiration, that tension psychical, specific the men of art, an experience spontaneous, what gives birth, uncontrollably, at creation.

It is moment inspiring, in the case of poetry, charged of impulses affective, impossible to defeated

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rationally, an impulse on that it you have or do not it have, and, of, which is responsible the vocation.

Simple, this is the problem, you have vocation, you have inspiration.

I have not really an opinion formed about poetry of Magda Cârneci, and I can not know, how often inspiration visits her, but if this state is a grace, longer the case to look for recipes for to a induces ?

And yet, in the name of the guild, preoccupation the poetess, for the desired state, focuses interrogative: "... the capital question that arises is the following: how do we to have access more often, more controlled and not just by accident, to those states intense, at the despised <inspiration>, at those levels, others of ours, for which the poetry has always been a witness (sic!) privileged ".

We do not know whom belongs the contempt, but we know that the inspiration is of the poet born, not made.

The latter not being than a craftsman and an artist.

I have in front three volumes of lyrics of the poet, less known and not devoid of inspiration, Sorin Cerin, ordered in a logical decrescendo, understandable, Non - sense of the Existence, the Great silences, Death, all appeared in 2015, at the Publishing Paco, from Bucharest.

After the titular ideas, immediately is striking, and poetic vocabulary of the first poem, and you're greeted with the phrase "Illusion of Life" that spelled with capital letters.

It is, in substance, an expression inherited from vocabulary consecrated of the existentialist, enough to suspect what brand will have the poems.

Move forward with reading, being curious to see you how the poet remains on same chord of background, and how deep, how seriously lives in this idea, not at all new.

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And it is not new for that the roots of the existentialism, reformulated modern, draw their sap from the skepticism of biblical, melancholic Ecclesiastes, discouraged, in the tragic consciousness of finitude as destiny.

It is the King biblical, an, existentialist *avant la lettre*.

He discovers that "weather is to you be born, and a time is to die", otherwise "all is hunting of wind".

What else can be said new in our time, even in personal formula, when the existentialism has been intensively supported philosophically, in centuries XIX, and, XX, from Kierkegaard and up to Sartre, with specific nuances.

A poem in the terms, of the existentialism status, more can interested the being of the our days, slave of the visual image and the Internet, only through adaptations or additions updated, complementary the central idea, and not finally, by the power of the return over of the self.

It is about what you are trying to achieve the poet Sorin Cerin, leaving us, from the beginning, the impression that he lives the miracle creative, the inspiration.

Wanting to guide the reader to search for a specific kind of poetry cultivated in these volumes (with one and the same cover), author subtitled them, *ne varietur* "Poems of meditation", as and are at the level of ideas.

But how deep and how personal, is the meditation, you can not say than at the end of reading, when you synthesize what namely aspects of ontology and from what perspective, intellectual and emotional, them develop the poet.

Certainly, the existentialist poetry vocabulary universal, recognizable, is now redistributed in an another

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topic, what leads to combinations surprising of new , some daring, or terribly tough, such as those concerning the church.

Reading only one of the three volumes is like as you them read on all, are singing on same chord with minimal renewal from, a poem to another.

The poet closes in a unitary conceptual sphere, from here the specific rhetoric.

Wherever you open one of the volumes, you are in the center of the universe poetic of the same ideas, the same attitude of skepticism outraged.

At the level of language, the same vocabulary, well-tuned with the conceptual sphere, is recombined in new and new phrases with updates related to today's environment, and even immediately of the Being, thrown into the world to atone for the "Original Sin".

It is known, because sages said, "Eva's son does not live in a world devoid of wails".

The ambition to build a personal meditation, impossible to achieve at the level of poetic vocabulary, already tired, is compensated by the art of combination of the words, without being able to avoid redundant frequency of some phrases.

The most frequent, sometimes deliberately placed and twice in the same poem is "Illusion of Life".

Dozens of others keywords, complementary, surprises by ostentatious use, to emphasize the idea of "Non-sense of Existence".

Are preferred, series of words written with uppercase: "Moment," "Immortality," "Illusion," "Absurd," "Silence," "Death," "Eternity", "Absolute Truth", "Dream", "Free Will", "Original Sin", "Love", "Loneliness", "Alienation", "God" and many others.

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The phrase brings here and now, living problematized of the existence is "Consumer Society".

Is released from poetry a frenzy of duplication of word, what supports the idea.

Often this exuberant energy of rearrangement of words, covers what you looking for in poems composed on one and the same theme, namely, living intense affective of feeling of "illusion of life" inside, not outside.

Here, we more mention of manner to distinguish the expressive words spelled with a capital letter.

Rain of uppercase tends to flood few basic meanings of the poems.

And more there's a particularity, the punctuation.

After each verse, finished or not as, understood, grammatical or not, it put a comma; the point is put preferably only after the last verse.

Otherwise than biblical Ecclesiastes, our poet, more revolted, than melancholic, do hierarchies of vanities pretty little ordered that you to can follow clear ideas.

The significances is agglomerating, in one and the same poem, like *Hierarchy of the Vanity*.

But it's not the only one.

Of blame can be contemporary reality which provokes on multiple planes, poet's sensibility.

The word "the vanity" is engaged in a combination serious, sharp, put to accompany even the phenomenon of birth of the world, for to suggest, finally, by joins culinary very original, willfully, vulgar, disgust, "nausea", í la Sartre, left behind by the consciousness of the absurd of existence.

I sent at the poem, Industry Meat Existential: "Plow of the Vanity dig deep, / in the dust of the Existence, / wanting to sow the genes of the Illusion of Life, / for to be

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born the World, / after a prolonged gestation, / in womb
without limits, of the Lie, / that rests on Truth for to exist, /
... ravens blacks of the thoughts, / by developing, / A true
Industry of the Meat Existential, / beginning, / from steaks
of, dreams on the barbecue of the Absurd, / up to, / sausage
of highest quality of the Hopelessness. "

What you find in this poem: paradox, nonsense,
nihilism, disillusionment, dreams made ashes, all this and
more will multiply, kaleidoscopic recombine in all creation
contained in these volumes.

If, the notions and synthetic concepts contained in
words maintains their meaning constant, the fate of the
"word" is not the same, seems to go toward exhaustion, as
and the force of renewal of poetry.

Have and the words their fate, apart from poetry, as
the poet says.

At first, paradoxically, "Autumn sentimental" is
forsaken by the "harvests passionate of words" frantically
collected, by the temper ignited of the poet in love only of
certain words, those from existentialist semantics.

Sometimes, "Flocks, of words, / furrow the sky of
Memories".

In registry changed, the word is tormented as a tool
of media, violent, rightly incriminated of poet: "Words
lacustrine / cry in pots of Martyrs, / put at the windows of
brothels of Newspapers ...".

Is deplored the fate of the words employed unusual,
grotesque: "At butchery of Words, / in the street corner of
the Destiny / are sold bones of phrases rotten, / legs of
meanings for fried ...".

And with this fragment I have illustrated the
originality resentful word combinations, which give free

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course the ideas, a poetic attitude provoked by the revolt against the nonsense of existence.

Ultimately is metaphorise "the winter of the Words, / which snows over our Days ..." and is deplored their fate, the falling "in the Mud, of some Words, / obscene and full of invective", and finally, their death: "Cemeteries of words are strung in the souls, / what they will and hopes at Resurrection ...".

Here the words came back to poetry.

But, the word is only the tool what not is only of the poet's, only of his, is the problem of background of existence illusory, perceived as such, in the existentialism terms from the early 21st century .

This is the core, the leitmotif of dozens of poems signed by Sorin Cerin, distributed studied, I suppose symbolic numerological, in each volume 77 each, neither more or less.

From the seed of this idea generously sown, rises for the poet tired of so much, kneaded thinking: "Herbs of questions what float lazily over the eyelids / of the Sunset, / what barely can keep ajar, / in the horizon of some Answers, / what appear to be migrated toward the cold distances of the Forgetfulness. "

The note meditative of these lyrics is not entirely discouraging.

The poet is neither depressed nor anxious, because he has a tonic temperament.

He always goes from the beginning with undefeated statements the will, to understand, without accepting, as, thus, may to return toward the knowledge of self.

In poetic images rare, is outlined a kind of summary of poetic discourse, focused in the poetry The Hierarchy of the Vanity, ended in contemporaneity terms of the absurd.

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It's a way to renew what was more said, that "we eat absurd on bread."

The plural indicates in poet an exponent in the name of man in general, "the granite" signifying the mystery impenetrable, of which is now facing "cane thoughtfully" "climbed up on the rocks of Life / we want to understand the granite as it is, / a reed conscious of self.

|| Demolish the pillars of Nature of the Illusion of Life, / trying to put in their place, / A Dream far stranger of ourselves. || ruined the Weakness , / ... becoming our own wrecks, / what wander to nowhere. || ...

Would be the eyes of Consumer Society made only to/ watch the Hierarchy of the Vanities?

Love that would deserve a comment of the nuances at which send the poetic images, is in the Dream and reality, an: " icon attached to the walls of the cold and insensitive, / of a cathedral of licentiousness, as is the Consumer Society, / which us consumes the lives / for a Sens what we will not him know, never. "

Beyond the game of words, is noted, the noun seriously, what cancels altogether the sacredness of the cathedral.

It's a transfer of meanings produced by the permanent revolt poured out upon the type of society we live in.

Our life, the poet laments in the Feline Existential: "is sells expensive at the counter of the Destiny / for to flavor the Debauchery, / subscriber with card of pleasures, all right / at the Consumer Society." / ... "Empty promises / and have lost keys of the Fulfillment / and now make, Moral to the cartel of Laws / alongside the prostitutes politicians, of the moment ".

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Violent language, as poetic arrows thrown and against terrible degradation of politics, gives free course to the ideas, a type nihilistic rebellion, raised to the rank of principle.

Absolutely current target is even more evident when, in the poem, the Game of the Life with Death,, is criminalized in much the same terms, "Consumer Society Famine garden, / as, great athletes, of cutting of incomes / hysterical and false, scales of the Policy, / us skimp sparingly each, Moment ...".

Changing the subject, vocable "moment" in relation to "eternity", updates a note from the arsenal of specific words from the language of the great existentialist thinker who was the mystic Kierkegaard.

After how attitudes clearly atheist, when it comes to God and the church, in the poems of Cerin , update hardness of language, with particularities of existentialism of Sartre, while Mathematics of the existence and many other poem, us bring back into the cultural memory the image of that "monde cassé" perceived critical by the frenchman Gabriel Marcel.

Perhaps the most dense in complementary concepts the "existence", between the first poems of the first volume, is Lewdness.

Are attempts to give definitions, to put things in relationship through inversion with sense, again very serious accusatory, like the one with address at "monastery".

Sure, unhappiness of the being that writes such poetry, comes not only from the consciousness of the fall of man in the world under the divine curse, but and from what would be a consequence, rejection, up to the blasphemy of the need for God.

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The interrogation, from the poetry, Lewdness, which, seems that leaves to the reader the freedom of to give particular answers, it's a trick of the poet aware of what affirms, at masked mode: "The existence is a ghost caught between two dreams, Space and / Time./ Peace will always be indebted to the War with her own / weapons, Vanity of Democracy and Dictatorship ./ Which Lewdness has not its monastery and which murder /her democracy?"

The poem continues with a new definition of "Existence" as a "gamble", accompanied by "Hope", never left at the mercy of "free will", which would give to man the freedom to change anything. It remains only the freedom of the being to judge her own existence, eternal fenced to can overcome the absurd.

Nature demonstrative of the poet him condemns, extroversion, at excesses, that, scatters, too generous what has gathered hardly from the library of his own life and of books.

Paradoxically, the same temperament is the source of power to live authentic feeling of alienation and accentuated loneliness, until to feel his soul as a "house in ruins", from which, gone, the being, fallen into "Nothingness", more has chance, of to be, doomed "Eternity".

Remain many other comments of made at few words the poet's favorite, written with upper case.

But, about, "Love", "God", "Church," "Absurd", "Moment and Eternity", "Silence" and "Death" maybe another time.

Would deserve, because this poet is not lacked of inspiration so coveted by others, as wrote poet Magda Cârneci, but he must beware of the danger of remaining an *artifex*, and yet not to step too pressed the footsteps from

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Bacovia or Emil Botta, toward of not them disfigure through excess.

Ana Blandiana: "The poetry of meditation on which a writes Sorin Cerin is not a versification of philosophical truths, but a interweaving of revelations, about these truths. And the ratio of intensity of these revelations and doubt from which are constructed the truths is precisely the philosopher's stone of this poetry. Moreover, secrecy of being able to fasten the lightning of the revelation is a problem as subtle as that of keeping solar energy from warm days into the ones cold. "

PhD Professor Theodor Codreanu: "Sorin Cerin is a paradoxist aphoristic thinker, of, a great mobility of the mind, who controls masterfully the antitheses, joining them oxymoronically, or alternating them chiasmatic, in issues with major stakes from our spiritual and social life. Poetry from, the Free Will, is an extension of his manner of meditation, imbuing it with a suitable dose of kynism (within the meaning given to the word by Peter Sloterdijk), succeeding, simultaneously the performance, of to remain in the authentic lyricism even when blames "Ravens vulgar, necrophiliacs and necrophagous, of the Dreams".

PhD Professor Ioan Holban : "About the expressiveness and richness of meanings transmitted to the Other, by silence, Lucian Blaga wrote anthological pages. The poet of today writes, in Great Silences, a poetry of religious sentiment, not of pulpit, but, in thought with God, in meditation and in the streak of lightning of thought toward the moment of Creation. Sorin Cerin's poetry is of an other Cain wandering in the wilderness, keeping still

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fragments from the joy of Eden, to exit from "Vise" of the world, where, at the fallen man, collapses the horizon of soul, in the rains of fire and traces of lead. "

PhD Professor Maria Ana Tupan : "The lyrical meditations of Sorin Cerin have something from the paradoxical mixture of despair and energy of the uprising from Emil Cioran's philosophical essays. The notification of tragicalness and grotesque of the existence, does not lead to psychical paralysis, but to nihilism exorcised and blasphemous. Quarrel with "adulterine God" - appellation shocking, but very expressive for the idea, of, original sin of ... God who must be conceived the evil world through adultery with Satan - receives, accents sarcastic in vignettes of a Bibles desacralized, with a Creator who works to firmament at a table of blacksmith, and a Devil in whom were melded all rebels hippy-rap-punk-porto-Rican:

[...] Stars alcoholic, of a universe, greedy, paltry and cynical, drinking by God at the table of Creation,
on the lachrymose heavens of Happiness, scrawled,
with graffiti by Devil,

If the poet has set in the poem, To a barbecue. an exercise of Urmuz, success is perfect. Not only, ingenious jumps deadly for the logic of identity from one ontological level to another, we admire here, but and tropism, of, a baroque inventiveness of an Eucharist inside out, because in a universe of the life toward death, the one that is broken is the spirit, the word, to reveal a flesh ... Deleuze, animal, described as the meticulous anatomical map of a medical student. The poet us surprise by novelty and revelation of the definition aphoristic, because after the first moment of surprise, we accept the moralizing scenery of the time, with a past, dead, a future alive, and a present, illusory, contrary

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to common sentiment, that the lived life is our ego certainly, that only the present really exists, and that the future is a pure hypothesis. Cerin, redefines the human being as, finding the authenticity in multiplication mental of ternal reality and as existentialist project ".

PhD Professor Mircea Muthu: "The desperation to find a Sens to the contemporary existence fill the poetic testimony of Sorin Cerin, in which the twilight of language, associated with "broken hourglass" of time, is, felt - with acuity tragic - of, "our words tortured."

"Meditation, turned towards self itself, of "the mirrors of the question" or of "the eyes" fabulous, of the Ocean endlessly, is macerated at the same temperature febrile, of voltaic arc, enunciated - in short - of the phrase "rains of fire".

PhD Professor Cornel Ungureanu : "Sorin Cerin proposes a poetic speech about how to pass " beyond ", a reflection and a meditation that always needs capital letters. With capital letters, words can bear the accents pressed of the author who walks. with so much energy on the realms, beautiful crossed by those endowed with the grace of the priesthood. Sorin Cerin ritualization times of the poetic deconstruction, if is to we understand properly the unfolding of the lyrics under the flag of the title. "

PhD Professor Ion Vlad : "Sorin Cerin has defined his poems from the book " The Great Silences ", " poems of meditation ". Undoubtedly, reflexivity is the dominant of his creation, chaired by interrogations, riots, unrest and dramatic research of SILENCE, topos of the doubts, of the

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audacity, and, of the adventure of the spirit, in the permanent search of the truth, and his poetry follows to an axiology of an intense dramatic. Is the lyric of the lucidity, meditation and of genuine lyricism ".

Ph.D. Lecturer Laura Lazăr Zăvăleanu:

"Intellectual formed at the school Bucharest, but sensing the need to claim it admiringly, from the critical model, of the school Cluj, where he identify his exemplary models in the teachers, Ion Vlad and Mircea Muthu, Sorin Cerin builds and the poetry intertextual, because the poet of the Great Silences, declares all over, his experts, identified here, intrinsically, with Blaga (through philosophical reflection and prosodic structure, sometimes deliberately modeled after Poems of light) and Arghezi. The very title of the volume, the Great Silences, impose the imperative, of an implicit dialogue with the poetry of Arghezi bearing the same title. At the searches feverish from the Psalms of Arghezi, of a God called to appear, answer them here the interpellations indefatigably of an apostate, believer, that is torn in the wilderness of the thought and of image broken mirrored by the world declared, between love denouncer, and affectionate revolt, between curse incantatory and disguised prayer, of eternally in love, without being able, to decline, in reality, fervor, although the word has experimented, aesthetic, the whole lexicon, blasphemously and apocalyptic. A duplicity of salvation, in fact, that - shouting the drama of alienation and of introspection missed, as and the impotence of the meeting with the other, or fear of overlapping with him, in a world whose meaning is wandered into "darkness of the camps of ideas", at the interference of a time and of a space reached ' at the end of border "- gives birth, in the litany, *`a rebours*, the signs of

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creation redeemed, in full feast cynical, "on the table of potter of love".

PhD Professor Călin Teuțișan: "Poetry of Sorin Cerin declaim a fatal nostalgia of the Sense. Thinking poetic trying his recovery, from disparate fragments, brought back together by labor lyrical, imagining a possible map reconstituted, even fragmentary, of the world, but especially of the being. Using of metaphors, neo-visionary, is context of reference of these poems, crossed, from time to time, of parables of the real, "read" in the key symbolic, but and ironical. Cynicism is entirely absent in the lyrics of Sorin Cerin. This means that the lyrical personage, what speaks in this pages, namely, consciousness lyrical, put an ethics pressure over reality, thus forcing her to assume own forgotten truths. "

PhD Professor Cornel Moraru: "Prophet of existential nothingness, the poet is part of category of the moralists, summing up in a fleeting manner, precepts aphoristic, and rough projections from a ecstatic vision of the end of the world. His meditations develops a furious rhetoric on theme "nonsense of Existence", although expressing more doubts than certainties, and questions than answers. The intensity of involvement in this endeavor lyrical, touches, at a time, odds extremes: from jubilation to sarcasm, and from indignation again at ecstasy ... "

PhD Professor Ovidiu Moceanu:"Through the cemeteries of the dreams, volume signed by Sorin Cerin, poetry of the great existential questions seeks a new status, by building in texts which communicate underground, an image of man interrogative. "Cathedral of the existence"

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has her pitfalls, "Absolute truth" seems unattainable, "White Lilies of the truth" can kill, "if not ventilates pantry of mind," the poetic ego discovers rather a "God too bitter" ... All these are expressions of a state of great inner tension, in which the lucidity has wounded the revelation, and has limited the full living of the meaning of existence. "

PhD Professor Dumitru Chioaru: "Speech prophetic, philosophical or poetic? - It's hard to determine in which fits texts of Sorin Cerin . The author, them incorporates on all three into a personal formula, seemingly antiquated, aesthetic, but, speaking with breath of, *poeta vates*, last words before Apocalypse. An apocalypse in which the world desacralized and dominated by false values, ends in order to can regenerate through Word ".

PhD Professor Ștefan Borbély: "Spirit deeply and sincerely religious, Sorin Cerin desperate search for the diamond hidden in the darkness of the rubble, of the ashes. A whole arsenal of the modernity negative - cups of the wilderness, water of the forgetfulness, slaughterhouses, the feast continuous of suffering, monkey of rotten wood, etc., etc. - is called to denounce in his lyrics, "lethal weapons of the consumer society" and "the madhouse" of the alienation by merchantability of our everyday existence. The tone is apodictically, passionate, prophetic, does not admit shades or replicas. "The new steps of faith" are enunciated peremptorily as hope of the salvation collective, "divine light" it shimmers in, deliverer, at end, still distant of the torture, but on the moment, the poet seems to be preoccupied exclusively rhetoric eschatological, glimpsing decadence, resignation moral or ruins almost everywhere where it can to walk or look "

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Gheorghe Andrei Neagu: "Defining for, this writer seems to be rightfully, the doubt, as the cornerstone of his poems (Mistake pg.73). I congratulate the author, for his stylistic boldness from " From the eyes of the divine light, page 81, as well as from the other sins, nestled in his creator bosom. I think Romanian literature has in Sorin Cerin a writer 3rd millennium that must be addressed with more insistence by criticism of speciality"

Marian Odangiu: "Lyrical poetry of Sorin Cerin is one, of, the essential questions: the relationship of the Being with the Divinity, in a world of increasingly more distorted by point of view of value, -and distortionary the same time!-, disappearance of some fundamental benchmarks - attracting after themselves of interrogations overwhelming, and infinite anxieties - absence all more disturbing of some Truths, which to pave the way to Salvation, deep doubts demotivating on the Meaning of Life, absurd raised at the rank of existential reason, feeds the fear and anxieties of the poet. Such, his lyrics develop a veritable rhetoric of despair, in which, like an insect hallucinated of Light, the author launching unanswered questions, seeking confirmations where these entered from far in dissolution, sailing pained, but lucid, through images and metaphors elevated and convincing poignancy, builds apocalyptic scenarios about Life, Love and Death ... "

Eugen Evu: "... Books seem to be objects of worship - culture - own testament of a ceremonial ... of, the neo-knowledge, Socratic-Platonic under sign, " the General Governing of the Genesis " for instance. What is worth considered is also, the transparent imperative of the author

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to communicate in native language, Romanian. The loneliness attributed the Sacred, is however of the human being, in her hypostasis reductive, of the human condition How Vinea wrote the poet sees his ideas, or the mirroring in the ' room with mirrors ' of the universal library. A destiny, of course, personal, largely assumed, nota bene. In the volume, the Political, at the extreme of H. R. Patapievici poet is well cognizant of the problem Eliade, of the "fall of the human in politikon zoon"... Between rationalism and irrationalism, Sorin Cerin sailing on the Interconnection Ocean. "

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1. The Absurd Theater

So heavy,
the Horizons have become for us,
that none of us,
we did no longer succeed to bring them,
to the Destiny,
starved by the Distances,
from ourselves,
arriving without we realizing,
in the Train Station of Delusions,
of the rusty and depressed Glances,
disappointed by the Expectations without addresses,
of the Wishes,
drowned by the Illusions of Life and Death,
in the bitter Dawn of the Despair,
played with the closed house,
at the Absurd Theater,
of on the scene of which,
we were running trying to save us,
we caught us by the Sand of Words,
whenever,
we were trying to build for us,

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Castles of Dreams,
which were collapsing,
drowned in the Wax Tears,
melted by the Alienation,
in comparison with our own Self,
of the Memories from the Future.

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2. The Price of Destiny

The sleighs of Thoughts,
drawn by the horses of the Delusions,
through the snowdrifts full of sweat,
of the Despairs,
they got stuck,
on dusty roads,
of the falling stars,
what have snowed, so much Pain,
that, started to fall,
the Price of Destiny,
of the Moments killed by Time,
to the butcher shop of the Illusions of the Happiness,
where are delivered for us,
so many assortments,
of vain Promises,
that, the Death,
no longer knows,
what to she choose first,
for the festive scene,
from the Absurd Theater,
of the Vanities.

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3. It will not miss, no piece, of Absurd Theater

I'm waiting for you, Vanity,
knowing that you are much more lenient,
than the Perfection of Compromises,
on which Death makes them for us,
with the Illusions of Happiness,
which, they promise us,
the whole World from Beyond,
from which it will not miss,
no piece of Absurd Theater,
what belongs to the Furniture of the Paradise,
whose props,
is refused to us,
on the streets of Hearts of Nowhere,
where we interpret,
the roles of our own Destinies,
of the Living Statues of the Despair,
stuck in Pain.

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**4. The Ocean of the Forgetfulness in which we
wash without knowing, the Words**

Locked gates,
of the Thoughts,
they tremble alongside,
by the Palms of the Questions
which have slapped them,
whenever they do not know,
where to, open,
the Eyes of Heaven,
of the Storms of Feelings,
through which have passed us,
often,
the Glances of Sand,
of the Hourglasses,
from which we do,
Castles of Dreams,
on the Shores, washed,
by, the Ocean of the Forgetfulness,
in which we wash without knowing,
the Words.

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5. The Consciences, of Sand, of the Vanities

We build us,
Castles of Absurd,
from the Consciences of Sand,
of the Vanities,
from whose bosom
I would like to save you,
Love,
even if I had to face,
the falling stars of the Glances,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
which, they will track us,
until we will forsake,
this World from Beyond,
of the Indifference,
from the Absurd Theater of Despair,
what, flows through the poisoned Blood,
of the Icons of the Loneliness,
by ourselves.

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6. We still have not uttered them

Tears of Wind,
carried by the Storms of the Words,
towards the Hearts of Nowhere,
of the Glances,
in which we drowned us,
the Hopes,
what they were trying to save themselves,
calling us,
from the abysses of Despair,
in which we have incarnated,
the Days, of Sand,
of the Hourglasses,
without shelter,
which, they trickle
on the deformed faces,
of Pain,
of the Dreams,
what, they lead on the last road,
the Love,
awaited with impatience,
by the Cemeteries of Words,
on which we still have not uttered them,
on the stage, from the Absurd Theater,
of this World from Beyond.

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7. Love, Conscience and Absurd

The Universe is first of all,
Love, Conscience and Absurd,
from which the Time,
of the Mistakes of Creation,
cuts the slices of homeless Days,
on which swallows them without chewing them,
in the Hourglasses of the Words,
mangled by the mixers of the Despairs,
ever more sharp and full of venom,
from which the Illusions of Life and Death,
they make for themselves the Hearts of Nowhere,
which they will put to us,
in the chest of the Hopes,
on which we shall wear them,
among the Walls, of, Memories,
of the streets of the Nobody,
on which, we play, until exhaustion,
the roles, of, Living Statues,
until we get to identify ourselves,
so much with the Pain,
that not even this one,
no longer has what to offer us, in addition,
through the Cemeteries of Dreams,
where she awaits us every time,
The Death.

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8. Hours of Sand

Barriers, of, Words,
dressed in Hours of Sand,
have collapsed, deaf,
in the abysses of the broken Hourglasses
by the cold walls,
of the orphan Dreams,
born from the Dawn of the Loneliness,
from which the Destiny,
has built us,
the roofs of homeless Days,
of the Darkness from ourselves,
for to be poured,
in the cups of nowhere,
of the Absurd Theater,
of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
so that they to drink it,
Eyes wandering,
of the Heavens of some Cemeteries,
through which we look,
this World of Beyond.

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9. They do not want to save them for us

Waves of Dreams,
they want to crush us,
the Waves of the Pain,
raised by the Illusions of Life and Death,
to compel us,
to drink from the fountains,
of the Tears of Lead,
of the Alienation by ourselves,
the bitter Water of the Despair,
poured into the cups of nowhere,
of the Absurd Theater,
spread on the table of the Loneliness,
by the Dawn of the Nobody,
in the pale light of which,
our Dreams are drowning,
on which, none,
from the Non-Senses of the Existence,
they do not want to save them for us,
although they were on the sandy cliff,
of our Destiny.

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10. The Traces of the Memories

Wings, of Angels,
wandered through our Glances,
which, they collapse,
on the black asphalt of Despair,
of the Absurd Theater,
what, does not let to exist,
not even the Traces of the Memories,
trickled on the foreheads of Dreams,
on which I held them by hand,
on the streets of the Happinesses,
which had not yet lost their addresses,
among the dirty stalls,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
which, they gave them for us for nothing,
to the Pains,
from the Stations of the Hearts of Wind,
what, have shattered us the Years of Sand,
in which we sink ever deeper,
the Alienations of Self.

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**11. They get tired us the Steps of the Memories
from the Future**

Roads without end,
they get tired us the Steps,
of the Memories from the Future,
through the dust of the Falling Stars,
of the Tears, of, Wind,
which, they flow us slowly,
on, the faces, of sand,
of the Thoughts,
shattered through the wilderness,
of Hearts,
ever more dry,
whose caravans of Dreams,
still are looking for,
the Bitter Water,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
through the borderless Deserts,
of the Cemeteries of Words.

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12. A drop of venom

Why do no longer we give us,
as before,
a slice of Heaven,
from the Glances of our Dreams?

Even if we are,
more thirsty for Love,
than ever before,
and we receive each time,
in her place,
just a drop of venom,
from the Illusions of Life and Death?

On which they poured him for us,
in the cups of nowhere,
of the Days, of Sand,
leaking through the Hourglasses of the Despair,
of so many Cemeteries of Words,
which have longer remained us,
of to speak
to the Loneliness, of, ourselves,
on the stage of the Absurd Theater,
of this World, of, Beyond?

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13. A sad Smile of the falling star

When I became,
a sad Smile,
of the falling star,
of, that, your Soul was holding
they have shuddered,
the dark Abysses,
of the Dreams of Sand,
on whose shores,
we built the Castles of Promises,
where we put, to she live,
the Love,
in whose Soul,
beating without we knowing,
the Storm of the Heart, of, Wind,
of the Absurd Theater,
which shattered us,
toward Nowhere,
the Destiny of now,
of the Nobody.

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**14. The Heavenly Curtain of the Vault of the
Despair**

It was so cold for us,
among the Words of Sand,
of the Empty Days,
lined up on the beach of the Dreams,
without shelter,
that we dressed,
in the Heavenly Curtain,
of the Absurd Theater,
of this World of Beyond,
the Vault of the Despair,
full of the falling stars,
of the Love,
who have ignited us, however,
with the last gleams of the Desires,
the Glances of Wax,
which have hugged us,
the Memories of the Future,
until they melted,
in the Tears of Wind,
of the Vanity.

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15. To be given to melted, to Loneliness

Windows broken by Memories,
on which, still trickle,
the sharp Tears,
of the Shards of Words,
what have remained us,
from the open Heaven at so many Dreams,
which, and today, they play the play of the Pain,
on the stage of the Absurd Theater,
of this World, of Beyond,
where we listened,
somewhere sometime,
The Legends of Love,
read from the Book of our Life,
lost, a period,
through, the Libraries of the Despair,
as then to be given to melted,
to the Loneliness.

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16. To build us the own Destinies

I knew I would meet you,
every time,
at the root of the Word of Love,
whose ramifications of Meanings,
they bind in a bouquet,
of Feelings,
which we give,
at the Dreams of Heaven,
whose Horizons,
they unite without our will,
with the shores without end,
of the Time of Sand,
which flows for us,
through the hollow of the palms of nowhere,
of the Future of Nobody,
from which we are forced,
by the Illusions of Life and Death,
to build us,
our own Destinies.

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17. Through the thick sieve of Pain

Tears of Sand,
are sieved for us,
through the thick sieve of Pain,
on the forehead of Heavens,
of Memories of the Future,
by the Clouds of the Thoughts,
of some crucified Words,
on the bloody Sunsets,
of the Dreams what tremble,
in the apocalyptic cold,
of the Indifference,
because they have remained, of the Nobody,
on, at the gates of the Despair,
where they are begging us,
the homeless Days,
of our Souls,
at least one Moment,
to we be together,
each other.

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18. Through the moving sands of the Words

Petals, of Thoughts,
are scattered,
by the Hearts of Fire,
whose Flames of Dreams,
they burn the Glances of the Eyes of Heaven,
of the Love,
on whose forehead we lose us,
among the Stars of Immortality,
the identity of the Incarnation,
in the bare bodies,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
becoming again a Feeling,
of Divine Light,
which, embraces,
the Absolute Truth,
of the Conscience of an Universe,
on which has not discovered him,
never, until now,
the Absurd, Despair, and Pain,
on whose waves,
we shipwrecked somewhere, sometime,
through the moving sands,
of the Words,
of the Nobody.

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19. Legend of Love

Wedding rings of Sand,
are put on our weakened shoulders,
of the homeless Days,
from the Memories of the Future,
which have followed us,
somewhere sometime,
in another Existence,
what did not belong,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
at the Altar of the Absolute Truth,
for to say,
The covenant, knotted,
in a Legend of Love,
on which we clothed him,
over the Hearts of Heaven,
of the Endlessness,
until we fell,
in the Calvary of Incarnation,
of this World, of Beyond,
for to lose our identity,
of our own Love.

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20. Through the Hearts of Sand, of the Hopes

Lead Words,
they crush us with indifference,
the bloody Horizons,
what have remained us,
to wander,
through the Hearts of Sand,
of the Hopes,
which, they struggle helplessly,
through the broken Hourglasses,
by the Memories from the Future,
what, they went crazy,
of how much they have waited for us, aimless,
whose Shards of Dreams,
have lost their Identity,
becoming as sharp,
as they are for us,
the Illusions of Life and Death,
which, they have torn us from the foundations,
the flesh of the Years, grizzled,
of before the troubled Times,
of the Non-Senses of Existence.

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21. Our face and in no way His

Bouquets of glances,
given to the Eyes of Heaven,
of the Misunderstandings,
of the Days, of Sand,
on which we want to model them,
in Sentimental Castles,
which to defend us from ourselves,
every time,
when from the impenetrable abysses,
of our Dreams,
will burst, the unquenched volcanoes,
of the Mistakes of Creation,
of the Original Sins,
received in gift from a God,
so stranger to us,
that, we had to give them,
our face,
and in no way His
to some Icons of Love.

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**22. Under the increasingly heavy burdens of the
Loneliness, of, Lead**

The skinny shoulders of the Thoughts,
they began to bend,
under the increasingly heavy burdens,
of the Loneliness, of Lead,
what crushes us, the Echoes,
coming from the Abysses of the Being,
from the Subconscious Stranger,
of the Absolute Truth,
who awaits us,
together with the Love,
what she swore to us, faith,
on the Realm of Spirit of Fire,
what, Lights us, Divine,
The Altar of Eternity,
ignited from the Star of Immortality,
of our Souls.

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23. Winners and losers

Were we born,
just to learn,
at the school of the falling stars,
what is Pain,
sprung from the impenetrable depths,
of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
of the struggle between Good and Evil?,
where we are,
both winners and losers,
at the same Time,
seated at the table of Illusions of the Happiness,
by the Death,
in whose World of Beyond,
we breathe,
much enough, Absurd,
that we may build with him,
an entire Universe, of Despair.

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24. The Glances of Wind of the Hearts of Sand

Steps of Fire,
heated by Death in Forgetfulness,
they light up, for us
in, the Glances, of Wind,
of the Hearts of Sand,
what bring Storms of Feelings,
scattering us the Despair,
on the Shores flooded
by the ghostly Shadows,
of the Memories lost,
through the apocalyptic vortices,
of Indifferences,
which rises for us,
up to the Eyes of the Dreams,
in tears with Rains of Words,
what they wipe us the faces,
of the Desires,
of to ever stay,
together,
next to Love.

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25. Grain of Sand

I'm wandering,
among the disheveled strands,
from the hair of the Eternity of Moments
of, which, we knotted us,
somewhere sometime,
at the Altar of Divine Light,
of the Immortality,
the Love,
on which we have lost her,
which falls, once with us,
in this World, of Beyond,
crushed by, the Lead Steps,
of the Time,
what has extinguished us, the Heart, of Fire,
of the Star of Passion,
transforming her,
in a Grain of Sand,
on which we will imprint us,
the Traces of the Happiness,
of to be alongside of,
the Illusions of Life and Death,

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when we run,
toward Nowhere,
trying to we encompass,
the Horizons of the Nobody,
on, the Beaches without end,
of the Absurd,
without that the Mistakes of Creation,
to they ever know,
that they will fill them,
with so much Sand,
that whatever we do,
we will never find ourselves again,
our Grain,
of Absolute Truth.

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26. In the hair disheveled by the Destiny

Every time, I find you,
at the root of the Word,
Love,
and no matter how much I would try to get you out of there,
digging with all the falling stars,
after, the Time of the Nobody,
what brings every time,
the Forgetfulness,
of the Sand Tears,
lost through the Hourglasses,
of the Despair,
I know I will never succeed,
because you are a diadem,
of Divine Light,
on which the Immortality places it,
in, the hair disheveled by the Destiny,
of the Eternities of Moments.

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27. The gravediggers of the Sand Hours

Funeral corteges, of, Memories,
are heading silently,
toward Cemeteries of Words,
of the Hearts of Nowhere,
where, the gravediggers of the Sand Hours,
they dig with the nails,
of the graves of Feelings,
in the hard and dry dust,
of the Eternities of Moments killed,
of Time,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
in which the Pains,
of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
they have incarnated somewhere - sometime,
The clenched smiles of Despair,
lost through the Death,
of a Love,
of the Nobody.

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28. The pale shine of the Illusions of Happiness

Buttons of Words,
they close us the shirts ragged,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
up to, the top,
to, the Eyes, of Heaven, lost
of the Love,
from which the Hearts of Sand,
of the Horizons of Lead,
have squeezed Tears of Wind,
for the Storms of the vain Dreams,
from the cups of nowhere,
of the Glances,
lost through the Thoughts forsaken,
by the pale shine,
of the Illusions of Happiness,
and replaced with the Nauseas of Despair,
of an Absurd,
what seems to live forever,
at the address of the Pain.

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29. Taken into possession by the cold Darkness

Tombs, of, Questions,
they await their Answers deceased,
through the accidents of the Absurd,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
followed by the funerary processions,
of the Days of Sand,
from which the broken Hourglasses,
of the Time,
of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
they build their Castles of Words,
whose Walls shall defend them,
by the barbarian invasions,
of the Glances, increasingly dispirited,
from the Hearts of Nowhere,
what they come to burn,
The Realms of Dreams,
which have belonged somewhere- sometime,
to the Divine Light,
of the Love,
before being taken into possession,
by the cold Darkness,
of the Alienation to ourselves.

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**30. The bohemian Hourglasses of the Time
undecided**

We are shipwrecked,
among the falling stars,
of the Glances
what they drew, Hearts of Sand,
on the dark Shores,
of the vaults of Words,
sifted by the bohemian Hourglasses,
of the Time, undecided,
what to do first,
with our Dreams,
what were somewhere- sometime,
of the Love?

To shall sell them,
to a Theater of the Absurd,
through, the Fairs of the Despairs,
of some diffuse memories,
or to sculpt from them,
the disfigured face of the Pain,
on which to he hang it, for us,
on the forehead of the Destiny?

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**31. Through the chipped flowerpots of the Glances
of Wax**

We wash on the Eyes of Heaven,
of the Dreams,
with the Dawns broken,
between Pain and Absurd,
of a Destiny,
what, he drinks quietly,
from the cups of nowhere,
of the Conscience,
the Death,
on which we bring it,
every time,
as fresh as possible,
packed stridently,
in the decomposed Blood,
of our withered Words,
through, the chipped flowerpots,
of the Glances of Wax,
which, they melt, for us,
in the arms of the Candles of Hopes,
lit at the catafalque of Love,
to which we want to worship,
all Despair,
of this World of Beyond,
of the Nobody.

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**32. No matter how much Sea it would be in your
eyes, Love**

No matter how much Sea,
it would be in your eyes,
Love,
only the shores of the Days of Sand,
surround them,
the stunning Beauty,
of the Dreams which appear,
from their Horizons,
furrowed with the Heaven of my Hopes,
of to meet them again to endlessly,
on the vault of the Soul,
where is looking for us and now,
The Divine Light of Immortality,
she to marry us together,
with the Absolute Truth,
of the subconscious Stranger,
at the Altar of Eternity,
where to we kneel,
before Happiness,
of the Absurd Theater,
on which to we embrace it,

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forever,
until when the Illusions of Life and Death,
they find out that we want to escape,
from the Dust incarnated in Pain,
and they crush us,
with the Steps of Reincarnations of Lead,
through the mummified bodies of Despair,
where we are closed and now.

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33. The Sighs of Sand, of the Hourglasses

Built in the body,
of the Horizon of Wax,
of the Illusion of Happiness,
of the Absurd Theater,
of this World, of Beyond,
I am melting,
in the heat of Loneliness,
which burns me,
the Feelings of the homeless Days,
of the Words,
driven on the last road,
by, the Indifference, of ice,
of the Commas,
which, they cover us,
the Hearts of Nowhere,
of the Despair,
with the Heaven of a Pain,
of the Endlessness,
what has found shelter,
in the arms of deep Wrinkles,
through which trickle
the Sighs, of Sand,
of the Hourglasses,
broken by the tired and disoriented foreheads,
of our Destinies.

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34. The Expectations of our cups of nowhere

The cries, deaf,
at the ears of the Great Silences,
what, they do not want to talk,
to the Eternities of Moments,
alienated by the Death,
compared to the Expectations,
of our cups of nowhere,
in which we drink us, the Mornings,
through which we shipwrecked,
hit by the Storms of the Hopes,
whose Tears of Wind,
have struck us by the Walls of Words,
so powerful,
that they have disintegrated us,
and the few crumbs,
of Illusions of the Happiness,
which have longer remained us,
through the broken pockets of Thoughts,
for we to bandage us with them,
The Dreams of the Absurd Theater,
what, they have not fallen, back then,

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in the seines of the Vanities,
brought to the surface,
by the Despair of the calloused Palms,
of the Pain,
of so many and so many,
Hours of Sand,
which flow without purpose,
through the Hourglasses of our Glances.

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35. Loneliness divided into two

The shores of Words,
they surround the Cemeteries of the Expectations,
what they have not found, not even now,
The Eternities of the Moments,
shipwrecked by ourselves,
at the cold and indifferent soles,
of the Tears of Wind,
what they have tied us,
with the Storms of the Memories,
by a Loneliness divided into two,
you,
at the other end of the Hour of Sand,
which flows you into the Hourglass,
of the Regrets,
I,
lost among the homeless Days,
what are sleeping and today,
under the free Sky of the Absurd Theater,
to whom it lacks the roof of Logic.

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**36. The Wax Promises of the Years of some
Compromises**

Windows of Sand,
they trickled
on the sharp shards,
of the Hourglasses,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
then they hitting themselves,
by the cold Walls of the ruined Words,
through the bodies of so many Questions,
consumed after the Wax Promises,
of the Years of some Compromises,
which, they melt,
leaving behind them,
the Absurd Theater of the Happiness,
on, at the corners of the desolate streets,
of the Wrinkles, of so many Expectations,
of the Zebras of Good and Evil,
on which does no longer cross,
the Steps of the Dreams,
on whose shoulders,
we ran to catch,
the Horizons of Happiness.

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37. The Whispers of the Glances

We are reborn from the ashes of Dreams,
of so many consumed Dawns,
in the flames, of end, of World,
of the Questions,
uttered by the indifferent cold,
on whose lips,
they barely succeed to articulate us,
a few Smiles, clenched,
the Whispers of the Glances,
lost through the Great Silences,
of the Compromises,
of an Absurd Theater,
what became the only currency of exchange,
of the Illusions of Life and Death.

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38. It always drowns

Expectations of Sand,
surround the decomposed shores,
of the Wishes,
from the abandoned catafalque,
of the Memories,
of an Absurd Theater,
what they will be buried,
in the Cemeteries of Words,
on which we speak them,
to the Great Silences,
what, they shout deaf,
the Despair,
which always drowns,
with one slice of Pain,
full with the sharp bones,
of the Eternities of Moments,
lost to roulette,
of the clenched Smiles,
of the Time.

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39. Enough of many Thorns of Regrets

We have enough of many,
Thorns of Regrets,
on stage of the Absurd Theater of the Happiness,
for to fill with them,
all the cups of nowhere,
sipped by the crowns of flames,
of the Salvation by ourselves,
which incinerates us the Dreams,
lost on the streets of the Dawn,
increasingly indifferent and sad,
crucified on the orphaned Glances,
of, Truths,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
in which we dress,
the Despair,
received in gift from the Destiny,
of the Nobody.

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40. A Conscience of Self only ours

You asked me many times,
Love,
if our Soul ever dies,
and I answered you, that not,
knowing that every Word,
on which we say it,
to Good and Evil,
to Truth or Lying,
to Beautiful and Ugly,
is printed on the black board,
of the Conscience,
of the our Absurd Theater,
flowing through the Blood of Immortality,
of the Great Universal Contemplation,
leaving an Imprint of the Love,
of the Despair,
of the Happiness or our Pain,
on the forehead without end and beginning,
of the vault of all the Worlds,
and the sum of all these Imprints,
form a Conscience, of Self,
only ours,

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which we are,
those of now,
and from all incarnations into the Being,
with all the Energies,
which have characterized us somewhere- sometime,
what they will remain at endlessly inscribed,
in the Libraries without end,
of the Worlds,
which they still shake the stars of Dreams,
over our lost Glances,
just because we are still wandering,
through the Non-Senses of the Existence,
which binds us,
the Eyes of Heavens,
with the Blindness,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
until they will untie us,
The Palms of Eternity,
slapped to everything that means Death,
what they will wipe us,
the Tears of Lead,
of the Sighs,
forever.

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41. The Memory what has become of the Nobody

Crucified on the Imprints of Restlessness,
we feed us with the forsaken Traces,
of the Wanderings,
of on the shrivelled scene,
of the our Absurd Theater,
from the intersections of the roads,
which have Met us Un-incidentally,
at the game table of the Destiny,
which has bet on us,
knowing that only together,
we can keep kindled, the Fire of the Star of Love,
which, and today, it burns us,
the Memory what has become of the Nobody,
among the Tears of Lead,
of the Absurd,
of the homeless Days,
in which we have accommodated us,
the Dreams what shone,
somewhere - sometime,
through the windows of the Happiness,
until they were bought,

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by the Illusions of Life and Death,
which, they have played with them for a while,
after which they have forsaken them,
in a corner of Oblivion,
dusty with the falling stars,
of thr Pain.

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42. In the hot applause of the Despairs

The forgotten ghosts,
of the Days of Sand,
arid and desolate,
they are looking for the shores of Love,
washed by the waves of the Conscience,
of the Great Universal Contemplation,
what sinks the Steps of the Beings,
of so many Thoughts,
scattered on the roads without return,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
for to refresh,
The Absurd and cunning Theater,
of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
what are sitting at the lodges of the Destinies,
ready to collapse,
from which the Pain, has extracted,
the vitality
in the hot applause,
of the Despairs.

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43. Prayers of Fire

It's raining with sculpted Smiles,
from the desolate asphalt,
of the Wheels stuck,
on the roads of the Cemeteries of Words,
what they no longer want to say Nothing,
to the Heavens of Meanings,
of the Dawn ever more tired,
of on the scenes of the Absurd Theater,
on which plays and today,
the wrinkled foreheads of the Despairs,
of so many Prayers of Fire,
what they still search,
in the flesh of Delusions,
the Empty Meanings,
dressed in the Time of Nobody,
on which to capitalize on them,
at the Stand of the Illusions of the Happiness,
which have promised,
that they will save through Death,
The Sacred Fire of Conscience,
of a Love.

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44. Through the mud of the indecent Eroticism

The glances of Wind,
of the Storms of Dreams,
they began to pluck,
the bushy Eyebrows of the Compromises,
in order not to enter us,
in the Eyes of Heaven of the Pain,
the debased Genes of the Ancestors,
of the Original Sins,
of the Mistakes of Creation,
in the Blood of Despairs,
what pulsates and now, unimpeded,
through the veins perforated by the drugs of Love,
of the Absurd Theater,
of the Thoughts,
what they hope that we will find again,
The Subconscious Stranger,
of the Absolute Truth,
through the mud of the indecent Eroticism,
of the Empty Days,
brought through the brothels of Conscience,
by Time.

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45. To relieve the Destiny of Nobody

Fortresses of Meanings,
built by the Hours of Sand,
of the Promises,
of some Hourglasses what measure us,
the Pain,
after the Absurd Theater,
of the Years, grizzled,
by the Wrinkles, ever deeper,
of the falling stars,
what they are wandering through the Souls of Dreams,
increasingly cold and indifferent,
at whose soles,
we worship our own,
Icon of the Love,
what begins to gradually crush itself,
under the ever more pressing weight,
of the Tears of Nowhere,
burst out of the volcanoes of the Hopes,
what they began to erupt their Despair,
from the Lava of Hearts of Fire,
of the Words increasingly lit,
after the Steps of a Delusion,
which is not fulfilled for them,
to relieve the Destiny of Nobody.

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46. They sleep under the bridges of the Dawns

I hit with power,
in the Gates of Tears,
of the Feelings,
locked with the massive padlocks,
of the Wrinkles of so many Misunderstandings,
deep and inexpressive,
of the Absurd Theater,
that then,
when they open for me,
fall into the shriveled knees,
of the homeless Days,
what, they sleep, under the bridges of the Dawns,
wondering them, what they are looking for here,
beside me,
when I knew them so disinterested,
of Soul?,
but Death,
let the Absurd to answer me,
through his Great Silence,
comprised by the deaf cry,
of a serious Voice,
drowned in the Despair,
of this Life.

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47. The hurried Steps, of the heels of Wind

I clothed the Clouds of the Thoughts,
with roots of Tears,
of, all colors and fragrances,
of the Despairs,
of the Absurd Theater,
what, fall, into the splashes of Words,
over the hurried Steps,
of the heels of Wind,
what they pierce the Souls,
banished from the brothels,
of the Empty Days,
on the streets of Hearts of Nowhere,
of the Loneliness,
of so many Smiles, forsaken,
by the Horizons, of Wax,
of the Promises,
which, they melt,
at the windows of the Future of Nobody.

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48. Destiny as a prey

Dance me, Hope,
over the Heavens of the Hearts of Fire,
of the Absurd Theater,
what they write their Destinies of the Passions
on the Vaults, kindled,
by the Stars of Love,
on which we embrace them,
giving them a bud,
of Immortality,
on which, to wear it,
in the hair of the untangled Glances,
of the Dreams,
what they will never know,
the Illusions of Life and Death,
which I feel how they are watching us,
from the Shadow of Time,
Destiny as a prey.

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49. At the Altar of Vanity of the Destiny

Tired smiles,
have carved in the gray granite,
of the Conscience of Sighs,
the face of the Despair,
which they to put them,
on the streets of Hearts of Nowhere,
of the Pains,
of on the moldy scenes,
of the Absurd Theater,
where we play our Roles,
of Living Statues of the Despondency
of which they bind us,
with chains of Hopes,
the Illusions of Life and Death,
so that we do not escape,
from the Incarnation in Non-Senses of the Existence,
than when we will be prepared,
for, the Death,
which, has decided,
even before our Birth,
she to marry us,
at the Altar of Vanity,
of the Destiny.

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50. They guide us toward Despair

They were broken to us,
the Wings of Your Promises, Lord,
on the Icons of Love,
of on the gloomy Walls,
of the Absurd Theater,
of the Happiness,
to which we worship, our Hopes,
through the cold Cathedrals,
of the Words,
where our Dreams tremble spasmodically,
by the penetrating cold,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
on which we are obliged,
to we dress him,
in the Empty Days of the Destinies,
which, they guide us,
toward Despair.

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**51. Through the Stations without name, of the
Hopes of Nobody**

Flames of Absurd Theater,
are burning us the Memories from the Future,
what are hiding,
through the homeless Days,
of the Destiny,
at whose windows,
they dry out, the flowerpots of the Glances
of the Distances of Sand,
which are sifted for us,
by, the vain Compromises,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
through the Stations without name,
of the Hopes of Nobody.

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52. They have snowed with Abysses of Feelings

Eyes of Heaven, crucified,
on the graves of the Feelings,
of so many Thoughts,
of the Absurd Theater,
of the Pain,
what they will become,
buried through the Cemeteries of Words,
of the reincarnations of Despair,
of so many Happenings Non-incidentally,
which, they have snowed with Abysses of Feelings,
over the endless stretches,
of the Absurd,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
in which are drowned our Loves,
then given,
to Nobody.

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53. On the forehead of the Endlessness of a Story of Love

What importance,
have the Illusions of Happiness ?,
when we are wandering,
among the Flowers of Dreams,
of a Spring of Hopes,
lost in the Buds of Dew,
of the Retrieval,
of the Divine Light,
on which we have braided them,
in a crown of Eternity,
what we will set it on the forehead,
of the Endlessness,
of a Story of Love,
which it will never be lost,
among the Clouds of Tears,
of the Great Silences,
which they will shout us deaf
the Loneliness,

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at the gates where the Pains,
they leave their Fingerprints,
on the vault of the Heaven of Words,
of the Absurd Theater,
of the Meanings,
for to be deciphered,
by the Great Universal Contemplation.

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54. Build me, Cry me and Search for me, Lord...

Build me, Lord,
will say the Word,
on which we have supported us
the ruins of the Souls,
often.

Cry me, Lord,
thinks, the Tear,
in which the homeless Days,
they drowned their Bitterness,
of the Hours of Sand,
poured into the Hourglasses,
of the cups of nowhere,
of the Feelings.

Search for me, Lord,
where sighs the Love,
left in dereliction,
by, the Predestination,
of this World of Beyond,
of the Absurd Theater,

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on whose stage,
we barely carry us,
the Illusions of Life and Death,
conceived,
to belong to Nobody,
for to guide us proudly,
the Steps of the Vanities,
toward Nowhere.

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55. Horseshoes incarnate in bad luck

Horseshoes incarnate in bad luck,
are staying abandoned,
among the roots,
of the Glances, dismayed,
of the Despairs,
which have slipped,
of on the heights of the Conscience,
in the Dark valleys,
of the Hearts of Nowhere,
on which it rains,
with Tears of Absurd ,
washing the faces of the petrified smiles,
of Pain,
of the Hopes of the Nobody,
on which it leans,
the Destiny.

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56. The Curtain of the Absurd

The smiles lost,
from the pockets of Time,
on the broad boulevards of the Forgetfulness
on where and now,
are still felt the Traces of the steps,
from the Absurd Theater,
of the sunset's Whispers,
which raises the Curtain of the Pain,
for the piece of some new,
Non-Senses of the Existence,
for which the Destinies,
have prepared us, long ago,
the props of the Despair,
of Living Statues,
what they seem to ignore sometimes,
the roles that brought them the applause,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
in the Cold of end of World,
of the Destiny.

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57. The Holy Fathers deceive their own Icons of Love

The beatings, deaf,
in the Gates of Words,
of the Great Silences,
of the Despair,
crucified,
on, the Non-Senses of the Existence,
of on scene freshly painted with Delusions,
of the Absurd Theater,
of this World, of Beyond,
where everything that becomes Being,
means Death,
before putting anything else,
on the tables more and more full,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
eager for dishes,
as selected and more sophisticated as possible,
garnished with Pain and Sigh,
on the steps of the Cathedrals of some vain Dreams,
whose Holy Fathers,
they deceive their own Icons of Love,
under whose roofs they live,
with the Empty Days of the Vanity,
through the brothels of Time.

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58. On the dusty streets with the falling stars

Has snowed with Consciences,
whose snowflakes,
they melt chaotically,
on the black and steamed asphalt,
of the Compromises,
on which we dress them,
around the lost Steps,
of the Memories from Future,
whose Blood of Thoughts,
flows us and now,
from the veins of the Eternities of Moments,
cut by the guillotine,
of the unconscious Time,
directly on the streets,
dusty with the falling stars,
from the Hearts of Nowhere,
lost on the stage,
of the Absurd Theater,
of the Despair.

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59. Sand Dance

Heels of Glances,
as high and sharp as possible,
pierce the Heavens of Dreams,
in a Sand Dance,
which flows us,
through the Hourglass of the Expectations,
on the stage of the Absurd Theater,
of the Happiness,
toward which we are trying to move,
from the Wandering,
on which we have shipwrecked,
holding us the Illusions of Life and Death,
by the wrecks of the homeless Days,
of the Hopes,
which still floated,
at the surface of Despair,
whose waves wash us and now,
the Destiny.

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60. The Destinies crush us the Consciences

The Swings of Heaven of the Years,
they barely hold themselves hanging,
by the dry branches,
of the gray Horizons,
in which the Time packs its,
the Memories of the Illusions of Life and Death,
at whose soles,
the Destinies crush us the Consciences,
which they catch firmly,
in the vises of the Despairs,
of some Cemeteries of Words,
increasingly cold and oppressive,
on which, we often say them for us,
as loyal spectators,
of the Absurd Theater,
of the Happiness.

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61. We could not persuade him

I dressed you,
the Glances of the Memory,
with the cool beauty of the Dawn,
without noticing,
that they were gnawed in some places,
when I saw them,
on the stage of the Absurd Theater,
of the Loneliness,
which flowed us,
on the foreheads of the cups of nowhere,
in which we drank the Mornings,
of some Prides of the Time,
on which we could not persuade him,
to smiles us,
and to our Eternities of Moments,
through which we traveled,
ignoring them.

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62. Always pulled on the dead line of the Happiness

Closes for me, Lord,
the Buttons of the Thoughts,
of the Curtain,
from the Absurd Theater,
of the Happiness,
and do not let,
to enter into me the cold of Despair,
on the shrivelling face of the Love,
expected in the ruined railway station,
of the Hearts of Nowhere,
to arrive surrounded by Dreams,
with my Destiny's train,
always pulled,
on, the dead line of the Happiness,
of so many Sunrises, drowned,
in the Blood of Loneliness,
which has flowed me,
on cold and black asphalt,
of the Memories of Nobody.

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63. Never, back, Nothing

Walls of, Desires,
consumed by the Great Silences,
of the Dreams,
are ruined,
at the gates of our Souls,
of on the stage of the Absurd Theater,
of the Fulfillment,
over the homeless Days,
of the Feelings,
who barely have the power,
to beg,
a crumb,
devoid of importance,
from an Eternity of Moment,
to the Illusions of Life and Death,
more stingy than the Time,
what has not ever come back,
for to give to someone,
Never,
back Nothing,
from what he had to bring,
as a sacrifice,
to the Delusions.

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64. Profit of Years

I barely succeed,
to I sneak,
among the carious teeth of the Glances,
of some homeless Days,
under whose roofs,
my Existence is hosted,
with all its Non-Senses,
pursued by Time,
for the debt which they have it,
at, the Death,
increasingly impatient
to receive its Profit of Years,
as heavy as possible,
carried on the shoulders exhausted,
of Delusions and Compromises,
of the Destiny,
sold to the Illusions of Life and Happiness,
at the Mill of Despair,
by the Absurd Theater,
of Despair.

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65. Nobody has never caught it unprepared

Beyond me only you are,
Delusion,
at, the helm of the Despair,
which you drive,
along with many other Feelings,
on the dusty road,
with the falling stars,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
at the end of which,
awaits us every time,
The Death,
on which Nobody,
has never caught it,
unprepared,
to take over our Destinies,
what they barely succeed to carry us,
the Pain.

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66. The Frontier

Olive branches,
they dry at the soles of the Peace,
with our own Self,
burned by the bloody Dawn,
of the deep and sad Wounds,
made by the Illusions of the Happiness,
which have promised us,
that they will open us,
the massive gates of the Destinies,
for to leave open for us,
The Frontier that separates us,
by our Subconscious Stranger,
of the Absolute Truth,
guarded so fine,
by the Absurd Theater,
of the Despair,
that none,
from our Dreams,
did not succeed to ever pass it.

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67. The Sand Roof

I never understood,
why, the acid Rains,
of the Cemeteries of Words,
they squander their drops of the Thoughts
of the Absurd Theater of the Despair,
on the boundless desert,
of the depressed Glances,
which yearn,
after a cup of nowhere,
filled with Bitter Water,
of the homeless Days,
what they sleep under the free Heaven,
of the our Hopes,
crushed in the end,
by the Sand Roof,
of the Heavenly Vault,
which fills with falling stars,
the Hourglasses, of a Time,
of the Illusions of Life and Death.

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68. On the Vault of the Pain

Always,
the Compromises have sold,
the most Promises,
to the Destinies,
of the Absurd Theater,
of the Living Statues,
on miserable stalls,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
where only Death comes,
to buy,
homeless Days,
chaotic wasted,
through Eternities, of Moments,
slaughtered by the Time,
of the Nobody,
on the Vault of the Pain,
of the falling stars,
of the Despair,
of the Non-Senses of Existence.

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69. The Sighs of the homeless Icons

The shores haunted by Remorses,
they embrace us, the deep Wrinkles,
through which flow us,
the Tears, of Sand,
of the Hourglasses,
in which drowned, our Sighs,
of the homeless Icons,
of the Eternities, of, Moments, killed,
among the Hearts, of Storms,
of the Clouds of so many Traces,
of Memories from the Future,
what they crush us,
even the Shadows of Words,
by the walls of which,
we support us, the Complaints,
of the Time of the Nobody,
submitted, conscientiously
on the stage of the Absurd Theater,
of the Despair.

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70. The Icons forsaken by the Saints of Love

Poisoned dawns,
with Sighs,
they wander us the Thoughts,
leaning against the branches of the Dreams,
what have rusted,
through, the rustling,
increasingly, in tears,
of the Words,
trampled by the Memories of Lead,
of the Wishes,
banished by the Destiny,
in the arms of the Hearts of Nowhere,
of the Loneliness, by ourselves,
at whose soles,
are praying the Icons forsaken,
by the Saints of Love,
on the Walls poisoned with Delusions,
of the Absurd Theater,
of the Despair.

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71. For the delight of the Absurd

At the Fair, of, Consciences,
it's so much,
wilderness of Words,
that, have started,
to be sold,
the bodies, virgin,
of the homeless Days,
as, the Loves,
to the brothels of Glances,
of the vain Dreams,
counterfeit,
by the Time what believes,
that will be found some eager Souls,
to try the strength of the Loneliness,
in the arena of the Despair,
applauded with frenzy,
by the Illusions of Life and Death,
which are never missing,
from the massacre of the Eternities, of, Moments,
what they will be sacrificed,
for the delight of the Absurd.

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72. On the cynical list of the dishes

Every time when they shout me deaf,
the Great Silences,
of the subconscious Stranger,
of the Absolute Truth,
I know that Death,
is indecisive,
regarding the rich meal,
of the Absurd,
of the Moments of my Destiny,
to whom, she does not know,
what to cook for him, first of all,
having a choice,
between Love,
with garnish of Despair,
or Pain,
stifled in Vanity,
and that she to decide herself once,
she asks on the Illusions of Happiness,
which, they incline towards,
Loneliness,
although it was not written,
on the cynical list of the dishes.

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73. Thirsty of new experiences

Stairs, of, Longing,
they shake spasmodically,
on the dusty roads,
of the falling stars,
trying to stop us,
the Steps of the Eternities, of, Moments,
from their encounter, with Death,
willing to forgive to the Time,
all the insolence,
made to the Illusions of Happiness,
on which has revealed her to the Vanity,
to whom has showed her,
the Cascade of Pain,
on which, has mounted her,
in our homeless Days,
so that the Despair to be no longer thirsty,
of, new Experiences,
which could have threatened her,
the place in the Hierarchy of Absurd.

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74. The Threshold of Immortality

Tangled into the filthy hair,
of the Empty Days,
which have no longer anything to offer,
to the Eternities of Moments,
slaughtered unnecessarily,
by the sadic Time,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
we continue our Path to Absolute,
wishing to we arrive,
at ruined Bridges of the Dreams,
where we try,
to cling us
of, every Hope,
what comes out us into the path of Despair,
which to passes us,
beyond ourselves,
on the forgotten realm,
where has always waited for us,
The subconscious Stranger,
of the Absolute Truth,
alongside the Memories from the Future,
so hostile to the Destiny corrupted
by the Non-Senses of the Existence,
that they will never let him,
to cross them the Threshold of Immortality.

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75. To take a seat in front at the Absurd Theater

Scraps of Meanings,
they stand thrown chaotic,
on the stall of the Indifference,
whose manures drain,
through the deep Wrinkles of the Glances,
increasingly decomposed,
and more lost,
through the crowd of Despairs,
which is hurrying,
to take a seat in front,
at the Absurd Theater,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
on whose stage,
we play like every time,
the roles of the Pain,
of Living Statues,
of the Absurd,
what will finally remain,
of the Nobody.

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76. Tears of Clown

The Illusions of Happiness,
they cry with Tears of Clown,
on the forehead of the decomposed Souls,
of the Dreams,
which, they collapse,
under, the weight of the Shores of Sand,
of the Hours,
which flow,
in the Hourglasses of the Despairs,
counting the falling stars,
of the Compromises,
of the Absurd Theater of Delusion,
on which we do them with the Pain,
what continuously nourishes,
the Non-Senses of the Existence,
which, they direct us toward Death,
among the Walls of Words,
which have crushed us,
so many times,
the hearts of Nowhere,
what have remained from us,
on, at the gates of the Loneliness,
which keeps us locked up,
in order not to escape,
toward our Memories from the Future.

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77. To drink the sharp edges of Dreams

Drops misunderstood by Memories,
they lie thirsty,
through the endless deserts,
of Words,
waiting anxiously,
the sleepy caravans,
of the cups of nowhere,
from which to drink,
the sharp edges of Dreams,
which to divide them,
alongside the Illusions of Life and Death,
the Rains of the Days,
between, Good and Evil,
on the Zebras increasingly decomposed,
of the hurried passings toward Death,
of the Glances of Nobody,
what they watch carefully,
the miserable scene of the Absurd Theater,
of the Despair,
on which, we play the role,
of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
of Living Statues,
of the Vanity.

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